

SPEECH OF
JAMES C. JACKSON, M. D.,

CONSULTING PHYSICIAN OF

OUR HOME ON THE HILLSIDE,

“THE SANITARIUM,”

Dansville, Livingston County, N. Y.,

DELIVERED IN LIBERTY HALL, AT 10 O’CLOCK A. M., MARCH 28TH, 1881,
THE DAY HE WAS SEVENTY YEARS OLD.

“I wait for Thy hand of healing—
For vigor and hope in Thee;
Open wide the door, let me feel the sun—
Let me touch Thy robe—I shall rise and run
Through Thy happy Universe, safe and free.”

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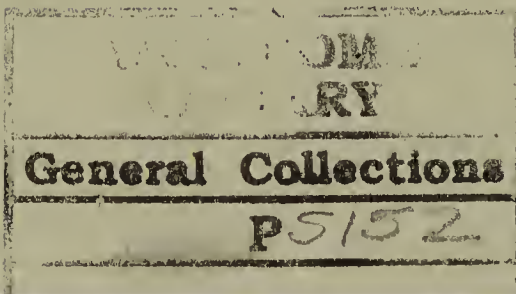
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DELIVERED IN LIBERTY HALL, MARCH 28TH, 1881, AT TEN
O'CLOCK A. M., THE DAY HE WAS SEVENTY YEARS OLD.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I am seventy years of age to-day. It does not seem possible that I am so old. I do not feel it, nor in any way realize it, except as a fact of which there can be no doubt. I am told that I was born on the 28th day of March, 1811. I *know* that I was alive in the year 1813, for I distinctly remember that my father bade my mother good-bye at the back door of their house, in Manlius village, Onondaga county, N. Y., mounting his horse and riding out of the door-yard, and up the street, and over the eastern hill, out of her sight and mine, on his way to Sackett's Harbor, where a military force was stationed during the war between the United States and Great Britain, known as "the war of 1812." At the time of my father's departure I must have been at least two years and a half old.

I was born of goodly stock. My paternal grandfather was Colonel Giles Jackson, of Tyringham, Berkshire county, Massachusetts, who was at the battle of Saratoga, and had the honor of engrossing the articles of capitulation of General Burgoyne. Colonel Jackson was the father of twenty-one children, of whom my father was the fifteenth. Longevity and large size were characteristics of the family; but from ante and post-natal causes my father was, when born, feeble, and grew sickly, and was when grown up, sick, and small in size, never weighing more than one hundred and twenty-four pounds.

My father's brothers were all large men, weighing from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and twenty pounds, and ranging from five feet eight inches to six feet two inches in height; three or four of the sisters were five feet ten to eleven, and one, six feet, so I have been told, and all were finely proportioned.

My mother was a magnificent person,—the human in her large and rich, and the woman of her paid it reverent obeisance. No one who knew her thought of her first because of her sex. She was so large in her intellectual endowments and had such great spiritual conferments, that she always, on all general occasions, kept the merely feminine qualities in her out of sight. These were reserved, as I think, rightly, for her husband and children and special domestic relationships. Her grandfather was Colonel Jedediah Elderkin, a great revolutionary patriot, known in Connecticut's Historical Collections as of "bull-frog memory."

She, too, came of longevous ancestry, and of large, robust stock. I have never known a hardier, handsomer, and naturally a more capacious woman than she was; and this view of her was taken by all her contemporaries.

Now, my age to-day and the vigor I possess, show that I inherited the quality to live long, and, of course, the power to live healthfully. In general terms it may be said that who has the capability to live to old age, has corresponding force to live in health. This is the principle: to be able to live at all, one should be able to live in health; for, scientifically speaking, it does not tax the

sum total of one's vital force to live in health as much as it does to live in sickness.

Partaking, as I do very largely, of my mother's physical characteristics, notwithstanding my father was an invalid I ought to have lived these seventy years free from ailment, illness, sickness, or chronic disease of any kind; and on this day be able to appear before you with hair brown and silky and abundant, with face unwrinkled or distorted by pain. For, if to have started in life with constitutional endowment sufficient to sustain me and leave me to-day what I am, notwithstanding I have not seen in sixty years sixty consecutive conscious minutes during which I have not been really so suffering from disease as to make the pain by reason of it hard to bear, what might I not fairly infer would to-day be my physical condition, if during these threescore years I had had, as just as well as not I might have had, uninterrupted good health?

How I have sighed and cried and prayed and pined all these sixty years for health, and could never get it—never shall get it till I get to the land where the inhabitants, none of them, ever say "I am sick."

There were four essential mistakes made with me after birth and before I reached puberty:

1. I was put to study at the age of two and one-half years, and kept to it till my health fled from me, before I was twelve years old, never to return.

2. When, from violation of the laws of life and health, I became sick, my dear father, who was an eminent allopathic physician, medicated me powerfully.

3. At eleven years of age I was permitted to establish the habit of chewing tobacco.

4. I was allowed to eat as I pleased, both as regarded quantity and quality.

As to the first error, let me say that it was common to the time. It belonged to the age in which my father lived; and though he was in many ways a man of comprehensive mind, as a physician he was simply abreast of his day. Like other physicians who were his contemporaries, he knew much more of the diseased side than of the normal state of his fellow men.

Medical science at that time was constituted much more of conjecture than of certainty; of speculation than of special knowledge. The most efficient physicians thought, and acted upon the thought, that medicines had curative qualities, and that the sick—all of them—were in danger of dying, and most of them would die if they did not take drugs. My father thus believed. He was, as all others like him were, under a terrible, horrible, woful delusion. He thought that nature was powerless and helpless, save through the intervention of doctors and the contents of their saddle-bags. Nature to him, so far as human creatures were concerned, was a blind force, not to be trusted to her own motions; operating destructively when not guided, but serviceably on set occasions, when under the supervision and skilled handling of doctors. To him and all other physicians of his day, doctors and nature held relative rank as follows: Doctors first, nature afterward.

To take care of one's health when one had it, was no one's business. There were no lectures on health. I well recollect the first man in this State who started out to deliver a course of popular lectures on health. The thrusting of a bear's nose into a bee-hive would not produce more of buzzing, stinging rage among the bees than did the audacious impudence of this man among the

people, when, by poster and hand-bill, he gave notice that he was coming to our village to teach physiology.

So, born in a period of intellectual darkness on all matters pertaining to the health and life of human beings, my learned father thought nothing about keeping me well. He therefore studied my young life out of me, and then set himself to the professional task of drugging and medicating it into me again.

What I needed when my health began to fail, was out-door life. I was a child, a young animal. Books were not for such as I. There were sights and sounds and tastes and smells and touches. They were God's benignities, divine adaptations, just fitted to me. What a world this is for a little, helpless creature to come into, and then to be shut in from its enjoyments!

My close confinement stunted me. Tens of thousands of children in this country are stunted in the same way. All exercise of their mental faculties in the mastering of abstract knowledge, like arithmetic, grammar, geography, rhetoric, etc., etc., are directly dwarfing to all parts of the human body save the brain. Great danger healthwise, and also to life, very frequently arises from diverting force from organs whose office it is to nutrify and so build up the body, in order to carry it to the brain, which should, in the frontal portion of it, be kept back from laborious exercise till puberty is reached.

No child can healthfully reflect on or seriously consider subjects to which continuous thought is needful in order that they be intelligently comprehended, while he or she is impuberal. Animal life, active and increasing; mental life, quickly observant but unreflecting; knowledge by perception, but not morally exacting, are the divinely appointed order for the development of children of either sex from birth to puberty.

This opportunity of natural life I never had. There was no childhood life for me. I cannot tell when I was not considered and held responsible for what I did or did not do. As far as I can recollect, back to my earliest days, I have the memory of being under government. How, when a little fellow, I envied birds, chipmunks, woodchucks, puppies, pigs, chickens, goslings, and all other young animals whose instincts and impulses were natural, because unconstrained! They were free, and lived to the laws made to govern them. The governing power to them was inside them. So it was in me. So it is in all children. But my father knew nothing of the normal, but only of the abnormal requirements of the human body. So I was governed from the outside of me, or as my parents, chiefly my father, saw fit and so had no physical liberty. As a legitimate result all my reactions were sickly, and early I became a pathological subject for my father to practice upon. Thus he fell into the second error with respect to me and my relations to life and health.

2.—HE MEDICATED AND DRUGGED ME.

If, to take a little child, sharp-sighted, quick-eared, and keenly sensitive as I was, and shut him up, with only the interval of an hour at noon, for six hours a day, as my father did me, and as is done for the most part with young children now-a-days, was to violate my cardinal relations to life and inevitably to make me sick, and prove beyond a doubt that ignorance "ruled the roast" at that time, what language can be fitly used to describe the lack of knowledge which would allow medical men, and in my own case my father, to put into the mouth of a young child the most irritating, and not infrequently the deadliest poisons known, in the hope and confident expectation that the child would

thereby get well? Only the judgment day can count the innumerable throng that have been killed by this awful practice.

Made sick by confinement and study, I needed no medication. Were my blessed father alive to-day, no one would more clearly see the defective medical practice of his time. Still, how much of enlightenment is yet needed by physicians and people before digging graves for children killed by being made sick from unhealthy habits of living and poisoned by medicines taken, will cease. How universal this system of drug-poisoning children was sixty years ago. Till within twenty years I had never been able to find a boy or girl twelve years old who had never taken any medicine. Every doctor gave medicine when called to the bedside of any sick person, infant or adult. Had he declined he would have lost his practice, not only in the family, but in the neighborhood and in all the region round about. To you who hear me, and whose minds have become enlightened not only as to the uselessness of poisons as remedies, except where they work antidotally, but also in respect to the deadly effects resulting from their administration, this statement may seem incredible. Nevertheless it is strictly true.

Not only the ignorant and superstitious, but the entire body of educated and cultured people believed in and trusted to the potency—what was called the curative efficiency—of poisons. Physicians of high repute, and their more intelligent patrons behind them, not a few in number, believed that the remedial virtue of a poison, once such poison was introduced into the *materia medica*, was in an exact ratio to its virulence. So, throughout the whole domain of vegetable, animal, and mineral poisons, those which would kill a strong, healthy man the quickest, were chosen as remedies to keep alive those who were, by reason of their sickness, likely to die.

The evil that befel me when a child by reason of poisonous medication at the hands of my dear father, did not confine itself to the impairment of my physical health. Its worst influence was ideal. It perverted my reason and obscured my judgment, in making me believe in medicine for curative ends. Thus I was cheated out of the truth by accepting an error—an error everywhere at that day accepted, from the ignoramus to the scientist. Nobody knew any better. Nobody doubted, therefore. It was supposed, it was believed, it was, therefore, accepted, adopted, and practiced as truth; when in truth it was a terrible falsehood, that medicines have virtue (as it was termed) in them; that they, in and of themselves, have curative qualities, and that the sick must take them or die.

My father being a man of his times as far as his professional life was concerned, never thought beyond them, and of course conformed his practice thereto. When I had the headache, arising from inaction of my liver or bowels, or both, it never entered his mind to go beyond the visible fact to the originating cause of the existing congestion. He saw what *was*, and he dealt with it promptly, and temporarily with efficacy; and the changes brought about redounded to his credit. What might happen to me by and by was to be dealt with when it came to pass. “Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.” Meanwhile my whole moral and spiritual consciousness was being perverted by being led away from the truth, and so I grew up and into adolescence, feeling as everybody in that day did, that sickness was a part of the divine plan, that sin was permitted and death was allowed to follow sin, *in order* to make the greatness and the grace of God all the more visible and resplendent. As reflection came with

years, I believed in the necessity of sickness; I thought it must happen; that no one could surely and permanently avoid it; and that if one was taken sick, and was not appointed in the Eternal Council of the heavens to die, escape from death was to be found in the liberal administration by physicians of remedies, so called, whose constituent properties are so unfriendly to life as to put him who was not sick and should take them, into deadly peril. Could ignorance, stupidity, intellectual blindness, and prejudice farther go?

Sick as I was, the poisons made me sicker; yet I believed in them, and at length grew into a dependence upon and faith in them, till they became my daily food. I swallowed them as one does his food and drink. All this, too, before I was twelve years old. Was my case isolated? Not at all, except that my father being a doctor, there were no doctors' bills to pay, and so perhaps I got more doctoring than otherwise I would. But dosing and drugging, blistering and bleeding were the fashion of the times, and my father kept pace with "the spirit of the age" in which he lived.

3. —I CHEWED TOBACCO.

I shall not spend time on this occasion to detail minutely the ill effects of tobacco upon me. Those of you who wish to know my views upon the subject of its use, can learn them by reading a tract which I have published, and which Austin, Jackson & Co. keep on their shelves. Suffice it now for me to say, that drugged and medicated as I had been, and enfeebled as I had become thereby, the learning to chew and to smoke tobacco was the additional feather whose weight broke the back of my camel.

Once the practice was so established that it was habitual, I showed organic disease of the heart; and my poor father, whose ambitions centered in and clustered round me, thoroughly broke down under the discovery. Doctors far and near were brought into counsel. Drs. Granger and Taylor, of Manlius; Dr. Norton, of Vernon, N. Y.; Dr. Guiteau, of Whitesboro, N. Y.; Dr. Hezekiah Clark, of Pompey, N. Y.; Dr. Thaddeus Clark, of Fabius, N. Y.; Dr. White, of Cherry Valley, N. Y.; Dr. McNaughton, of Albany, N. Y.; Dr. Hoosack, and Dr. A. C. Hull, both of New York city, and many others, examined me, and the verdict was unanimous that I had organic disease of the heart, and might die suddenly. They all said that I must be taken out of school, put onto a farm, and kept quiet. Nothing must happen to excite me troublesomely, or it would hasten the catastrophe. They all, with the exception of Dr. Norton, advised vigorous medication, and as was to be expected, not more than two of the whole number agreed as to remedies, so called, to be used. How pleased I was to hear of remedies! What was there that medicine could not cure, if the right kind could only be discovered?

Lack-a-day! I took everything offered, and steadily grew worse. My school-days ended for good and aye. My father's hopes and my own ambitions went down together into the deep sea of disappointment, never to have resurrection. Oh, those days of sadness and sorrow! Who, at any time of life, has been struck with blight, and has ever forgotten it? Shocks to one's body are often recoverable, but to the spirit, they not infrequently last till time fades away into the eternal.

In the light that we who have studied the laws of life and health, have upon the subject of diseases and their avoidance, and upon the treatment of the sick without medicine, it may seem strange that the best minds half a century ago, or little more, should, upon examining me, have had no suggestion to offer in

respect to my habits of living. Dr. Norton thought I should stop the use of tobacco; but nothing was said by him in any other direction, except at the point where he and all who examined me, alike agreed, viz., that I was to stop study. None of them said anything about my dietetic habits; and yet here I was at fault and needed correction, and might have been saved great suffering in after years if I had had it. But I was permitted to eat as I chose, and so

4.—I ATE GLUTTONOUSLY.

I would not have you suppose that in my case gluttony consisted in my eating an inordinate quantity of food, for it did not. Wherein I erred was in doing what at that time was uncommon, but which has since become and now is common. I ate and drank highly seasoned or richly concocted foods and drinks. My mother petted me, and my father approved her doing it. I was capricious in appetite, and had lost all natural instinct whereby taste is shown. Poisoned through and through by medicines, an abnormal condition of the nerves of taste existed. No simple food had any relish for me. Even the most luscious fruits lacked the power to rouse my gustatory nerves to active expression.

Poor fellow! I was so diseased that only the health-destroying substances could arouse my vital instincts to expression. For all serviceable purposes my instincts were useless. They could not recognize the true and the normal in food or drink. Therefore all healthful foods and drinks were unused. So the very means which kind nature had provided in abundance all around me for my sustenance, were unprofitable and useless, since the thought of them only aroused disgust.

I shall not utterly fail of making this occasion of service to you and those who may read what I say, if I can, in a lasting way, impress you with the truth that many a child, or youth, or adult has loss of appetite because of the poisonous drugs which are in his tissues or blood, and which derange all the nerve structures whose action determines the quality as well as the degree of desire he may have for food and drink. Looking forward to the period when their children shall go out from under the shelter of home, it is wise in parents to consider the great value of early right training. Said Solomon, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Now training is not necessarily the same thing as teaching. 'Tis one thing to train, 'tis another and quite a different thing to teach a child. To train is to make expert in the process of doing. To teach is to inform one how a thing can or may be done, but quite as likely as not to leave the pupil altogether incompetent to do it. To train up a child in right ways of eating is to insure him against departure from it when grown up. To come to like simply cooked food, made out of grains, vegetables and fruits; to like good, healthy cow's milk as an adjunct; to drink only when one is dry, and then to drink water; this is to so train the appetite as to have it in later years in thorough subjection.

It may seem a somewhat strange and perhaps startling statement I make when I say that I never knew an habitual drunkard who was not a glutton—and a thoroughly developed one—before he became a confirmed inebriate. The condition precedent with most persons who have become victims of intemperance is inordinate eating, which induces a desire for stimulants. The wine-drinking habit, wherever it exists, is found in close

sympathetic connection with convivial opportunities. Much more liberal drinking is found to exist previous to, at, or after meals, than in intervals of time somewhat remote. We matriculate our drunkards at our domestic tables; we develop them at our feasts and festive occasions; we graduate them at our saloons.

My gluttony, capricious and select as it was, did not make a drunkard of me, for I received a check in that direction through signing a temperance pledge; but it did make a dyspeptic of me, which is only less injurious. And for this stomachal trouble I was treated to a course of medication. It seemed that no form of ailment could come to me which my father and his medical friends did not deem worthy of a pronounced course of medicine. Thus, by being shut up and made to study when I should by right and good sense have been kept out-of-doors at play or object observation; by being drug-medicated when made sick from confinement; by learning to chew and smoke when but a little lad, and by imprudent eating, I had passed the divinely ordained line of indulgence and was already pronounced incurable.

So things went on, till I grew to manhood and married. Then for fifteen years how thoroughly wretched I was because of my sickness. The weary, worrying, dragging days; the slow, delaying, suffering months; the dreary years when flesh and strength failed me; when doctors' bills ate up my little earnings, till disease, on the one hand, and wife and children wanting bread, on the other, gave to my life such portraiture as made it look hideous to me. I could and I would have died in those years, but for the love that was in my heart. I had learned to love mankind, and so I was prompted to live for them. I loved manhood and its constituent dignities. It was in essential nobleness next to the Divine. I greatly desired to live and labor for and with others. I was poverty stricken—none much poorer than I. I was so sick that I could earn nothing. My beautiful, blue-eyed wife grew wan and heavy in step as steadily she saw me fade away. I firmly believed in Jesus Christ, and considered him my Providence; and in a consecrate spirit I told him all my longings, and that I would prefer to live that I might labor for the enslaved, the poverty stricken, the sick, the suffering, the outcast. I made a clean breast of it, kept back nothing, and declared that if I could I would like to live in this world, but not of it. Well, what do you think occurred? This story I told him on the morning of the 9th day of May, 1847, and between that time and the 27th day of the same month, events transpired, without any agency of mine, that changed the entire body of my circumstances and altered the direction of my life. In the new movement at its beginning, I was as passive as I was helpless, and so I remained for awhile; and, indeed, when I took heart and commenced to struggle, it was a purposeless, well-nigh aimless effort. I was better, was manlier, had a new spirit of endeavor, but I had no clear-sightedness. Nevertheless, vision came—came like the morning light out of the womb of darkness; came to enlighten my eyes, to cheer and warm my heart, to invigorate my mind, rouse up and delight my spirit, and energize my worn-down, debilitated, terribly diseased body. It came to stay, for it has not, during thirty-four years, ever left me one conscious moment.

I had found my work in life; my mission had come to me; I knew what was expected of me; I was alone with God and the grand truth that my intuition took in. I had not a dollar; nor had I a friend in the world who would lend me one, I feared, if I were to tell him what I wanted to do with it. Notwith-

standing, I was inexpressibly happy. I was incurably diseased; was nearly helpless; could work at no manual labor; but I had courage, hope, faith, and love, *and such an idea!* The perception of it when it came to me thrilled me till I sweat, and chilled me till I shivered. All around me the ordinary opacities which make the future cloudy or thoroughly obscure, disappeared. My vision came to be so luminous as to give me sight of things that were to happen. I was not deluded, nor misled, nor befooled, nor becrazed. I knew what I was about. If others did not, that was not my fault. They might think me fanatical. If they did, I intended by heaven's blessing to live and show them that the fanaticism of to-day is the conservatism of to-morrow. Whatever might be the thought of individuals, society, the public, the Church, about me, there had been born into me an idea, of the truth of which I had no more doubt than of my own existence, and which I meant to enunciate, and illustrate, and advocate, and establish. Just how it was to be done, I did not know; but that it was to be done, I was sure. I saw what was the first step I had to take. It was to put myself into alliance with this truth by placing myself at its disposal, letting it take possession of me, permeating me, filling me full of itself, and making me its talking, walking, writing, exemplary representative. There is, in reality, a wide difference between one's holding a great truth at his disposal and service, and being held by that truth for its service and disposal. This truth had entered into me, and had made a conquest. My reason, my conscience, my intuition, my will, all went over to its side tumultuously, yet in careful and well-arranged purpose. So I was not constrained, nor bound, nor forced. I was captured because I was captivated; I was subdued because I was attracted. I was no bond slave, but a willing servant; my heart was not wounded, but throbbed with joy; I was not stricken speechless from fear, I was dumb with delight. I should not die, but live till I had made this magnificent truth known far and wide to millions who were sick and suffering, sad and sorrowing, with faces turned to the wall to die, if not helped, untimely. I cried out in its behalf, as Whittier, in the time of our late war, did for the nation's flag:

“Let it go forth! the millions who are gazing
 Sadly upon us from afar shall smile;
 And unto God devout thanksgiving raising,
 Bless us the while.”

Now, what is this wonderful idea, that so enchanted me as to make me its willing devotee?

1. It is, that God having made human beings alive, intends them to live, and not die till their time comes.
2. It is, that every human being comes into life with a definite capability to live, and that till this is used up, his time to die cannot come.
3. It is, that the working of this constitutional capability into capacity, and so into available force whereby to live, is under law or laws.
4. It is, that these laws, if unobstructed, will work with unerring certainty to the end sought, and that no human being will ever die till his proper time if they are not interfered with.
5. It is, that natural conditions of living insure health with mathematical certainty; and that sickness always arises from a violation of these conditions, self-imposed or super-imposed.
6. It is, that whenever sickness occurs—no matter what its form, or with whom—the true remedy and the only sure one is to bring the sick person into

natural conditions, and keeping him there, give to his vitality, which is the only curative property or force, opportunity to work up his restoration.

7. It is, that in every case of disease, no matter what, so the person is recoverable under such arrangements as will allow the vitality of the patient to operate freely, he or she will get well.

8. It is, that sanitary science has of late declared that eighty-five per cent. of the diseases of which persons die are preventable, and that only a very small percentage of such diseases can properly be called deadly.

9. Hence it follows, that when a human being is taken sick with a disease which from its nature does not endanger life and cannot kill him, it follows logically and inevitably, that if uninterfered with, his vitality will stand the strain and he will get well.

10. It is, that when a person, having a disease that is not in its nature deadly, nevertheless dies, it must be because he has not vitality to live, or because of an intervening or interfering force which kills him.

11. It is, that so many men, women, and children die annually in this country, who, being sick with diseases confessedly not deadly, and who to all appearance are plentifully supplied with vitality to live, I felt called to prepare myself, by close review of my early studies of medicine and thorough preparation in a medical college, to teach and practice as best I might, this grand idea whose magnitude and comprehensiveness are yet to change the entire relations of mankind to life on earth.

Shall I tell you a little, how—in the midst of the intellectual darkness everywhere existing, and notwithstanding my own prepossession in favor of medicine and its administration after the school of medicine within whose precincts I had been brought up—I was brought into the light and made to see what a delusion the whole system of poisonous medication is? Remember I am talking to you of things that existed more than thirty years ago, before many of you who hear me were born. Well, I had been a great sufferer that day. It had seemed as though for several days I should have to give up and confess that my infirmities were getting the mastery of me, and I should die. I was lying on my lounge when, as I have already a little way back in this narrative made mention, my mind was opened to such a clearness of perception that I saw *instantly* the idea which I have since persistently and lovingly cherished. I do not think that during all these years of unwearied and extensive application of this idea, I have had a single new or additional perception of its greatness. My vision took in its entirety on that occasion. I have never had anything new to learn of it. All I have since known, all I know now, I knew then. My education has been, during my practice, not in increase of belief in the idea, but in aptness and skill in its application. The grandeur of the idea, the worthiness of it, its competency, its sufficiency, and its completeness, may be inferred from my faith in it, my surrender to it, the faith in it of tens of thousands who, through my influence over them, have also yielded themselves up to it, and not to their disappointment but to their great delight. When I became possessed of my idea I was in a Water Cure, trying to live by trying to have faith in the virtues of water. I had not lost faith in drugs and medicines, but I had consented to try water as a medicine, *as it were*. I had always thought medicines *curatives*; why might not water be one also? I saw no reason why, so I was trying it. But what a passion I was in when my new idea struck me and woke me up, and transfigured itself before me. At no time in

my life had my soul been stirred as she was then. There was a divineness, sublimity, and forcibleness to the revealment that "enthused" me. I went to my wife and talked to her, but she failed to comprehend me. In this she was no worse than everybody else, no worse than I *had* been till my enlightenment came.

I wanted to buy my partner out, that I might have the management of the Cure under my own control; but purchase cannot easily be made where money or its equivalent is not at hand to facilitate the transaction. I was sick; was known to be adjudged incurable by all the doctors who had examined me; was likely to die at any minute, so those said who knew me; and who would lend me any money, or his name to back my own, to assist me in starting business so unpopular as was the keeping of a Water Cure at that time? Above all, who would listen to me for a moment when I should tell him that if I bought my partner out I did not intend to keep a Water Cure, nor a diet cure, nor a movement cure, nor a drug infirmary, nor a mere medicinal hospital, nor any kind nor sort of cure; but, instead, an Institution where the sick of all nations, and peoples, and tribes, tongues, sexes, ages, and stations, if curable, might come, and under right conditions get well. Do not you who hear me, see that my idea had placed me clearly outside human sympathies, and, of course, beyond all rational expectation of assistance? For what hope can one have who needs help, that he can or will get it from others, when what he proposes to do commends itself neither to their sympathies nor their reason? And how could I possibly approach any of my friends from a more unsympathetic or irrational side of them than to ask them to help me to inaugurate so wild and foolish a movement as, in their estimation, mine would be as soon as I should tell them of it?

When our dear Lord was on earth giving his grand lessons to his disciples, on one occasion he told them never to cast that which is holy to dogs. How well he understood human nature. How clearly he comprehended the force of that antithesis; for of all things that any of us prize the highest are those which to us are holy. No matter by what means they become sacred, once they are so, around, about, and over them we spread our affections and drape them, if possible, in forms of unfading beauty. Who laughs at them, grieves us; sneers at them, hurts us; ridicules them, outrages us; despises them and assails them with unholy hands, rouses in us our uttermost strength for their defense and preservation. My idea was to me most holy. Already I had made my heart its temple. It was the most secluded and most private place I knew, where I could safely put it. There I sheltered it from breath of scorn or wave of opinion that could contemn it. And yet, if I were to be its faithful representative I must subject myself to all sorts of rebuff, from that of disapproval and dislike to that of serious displeasure. And all this because I needed a little money, or its alternate—credit—to enable me to put my idea and myself into such relations as would give it practical illustration. While I was pondering, the Lord was disposing the hearts of two persons to assist me. A man and woman came forward and showed confidence enough in me to assist me, and my way became clear. I bought my partner out, and on the 27th day of November, 1850, I became the possessor and proprietor of the Cure, and commenced my work. This work was divided into two parts: (a) To put myself into the thoroughest and fittest condition possible to represent my idea; then, (b) Always and everywhere faithfully to represent and never to misrep-

resent it. Do you imagine this was an easy task? Please recall what the idea is, then remember that I had never tried personally to illustrate it. Though I had been in a Water Cure, and was in one when the idea appeared to me, I had not conceived that the law of recovery demanded of a sick person that he should cease *trying to be cured*, and instead, set about to get well. I had never dreamed of the difference in the two processes being essential, insomuch that the earth and the sun are not farther apart than these two methods are unlike. I had never thought that the curative power was in *man*. I had always thought and believed it was in medicine, and that if I were to get well, or if incurable, I was to live along awhile as an invalid, the apothecary shop, the drug store, or the doctor's saddle-bags must contain the substances that possessed the efficacy. This was what I had been taught by my father, what the physicians of the school to which he belonged taught, and themselves practiced.

To have this impression shocked, this faith shattered, this structure undermined and made to tumble down by the breath of God passing over it—was this nothing, think you? And then to have to build upon its ruins a new structure, that, in order to its finish, demanded radical change in my modes of thought, manner of life, social relations, spiritual impulses, order of work, to the degree that I should be able to show the intrinsic worthiness of my idea in my own person—I who was doomed by the voices of many doctors to die—and thus commend it to the consideration and regard of invalids all over the world; was this a small task, do you imagine? If you do, how little you comprehend the struggle I had to make.

But this conflict with myself, hard as it was, was of small matter compared with what I and mine had to endure from personal acquaintances, personal friends, individual strangers, professional men of clerical and legal standing, doctors of every school, educators of youth, editors of newspapers, in fact from all classes of persons. It seemed as though the sluice-ways of society were flood-gates hoist to pour upon me their accumulated filth.

“I was a quack, I was an ignoramus, I was a knave, I was a fool; I starved my patients and I was a murderer, a villain, a dangerous man, not to be trusted, a cursed abolitionist, a black-hearted scoundrel; I was no business man, I never had succeeded and never could succeed; I was an infidel, an atheist, an agrarian, an anarchist.” These are some of the choice expressions that I gathered from various sources which were uttered and published against me. During this storm of thunder, lightning, and hail, many of my old personal friends stood still and saw its pitiless beatings fall on my head and made no sign. Doubtless they thought me crazy—beside myself. Many of my old anti-slavery friends, whose houses had been homes to me wherein no attention, nor respect, nor courtesy, nor love that they could show, was wanting, turned away thinking me daft.

One of them, an excellent lady, came to me and asked me “what demon possessed me to make shipwreck of myself and my family, mortifying my friends and disgracing myself?”

I replied that I was not aware that I was disgracing myself by following the truth.

“Nonsense!” said she, “what truth have you got hold of that is so wonderful that you are at liberty to bring this hornet's-nest of criticism, diatribe and scandal against you?”

Then I answered: “The truth that human beings can live without sickness; the truth that folks who are sick need not die; the truth that when they are

sick they would not die if they did not take poisons as remedies; the truth that, for want of the truth the people are ignorant, and will never know any better if I, who do know better, do not teach them better."

She laughed me to scorn and went her way; but I lived to see her at death's door, given up by physicians far and near, to be brought back by me, with heaven's blessing on my efforts, to good sound health.

One of the most distinguished anti-slavery men in this country, whose friendship and confidence I had had for years, wrote me a stinging letter, telling me that I was "a madman for saying that sick persons could get well without medicine, and that for his part he wished me to understand that he could not and would not support me in my fanaticism."

These two are samples of the feeling existing toward me. It was well that my Institution was so secluded that nobody could get to me without a carriage (mountain) ride of sixteen miles. This saved me from intrusive and impertinent visitors, who otherwise would have given me much trouble. It was well, also, in that it gave me opportunity to get myself well in hand and to make myself known through writings—correspondential and journalistic.

You will be curious to know what effect all this horrible din about my ears had on me. I answer, not any as creating any feeling or disposition to swerve from the course pointed out to me. I felt then as I have ever since, as I do to-day, that I had not the least agency in discovering the idea which possessed me, and that in following it I was not, before God, responsible for any consequences that might arise from a manly, honest, faithful, loving illustration of it. So I went to my work with a happy spirit, and the Lord was with me. My family was made up of my wife, my two sons, the young lady who assisted me in my purchase, and myself. The day my partner and his wife left and took their appurtenances, every patient in the Cure also left, and we were *alone*. We stayed there till the first day of February—sixty-two days—and other than ourselves never saw a human face. Did I doubt? Did I complain? Was I sad? Was I sorry? Not in any way. I had had my vision of my future; I could afford to wait. Was nothing doing meanwhile? Were there no changes going on in me whereby I was to be prepared to do my work? How well I knew there were. And I cried to the Lord and said:

"Therefore, O Lord, I will not fail nor falter;
Nay, but I ask it, nay, but I desire,
Lay on my lips the embers of thine altar,
Seal with the sting and furnish with the fire.

"Give me a voice, a cry and a complaining,
Oh, let the sound be stormy in their ears!
Throat that would shout, but cannot stay for straining,
Eyes that would weep, but cannot wait for tears."

And so the days went on, and the Lord gave me a trial of my faith then greater than any I have ever had since. It came on this wise:

My elder son, Giles, a beautiful lad sixteen years old, had entered a medical college that fall as a student. In dissecting a *cadaver* he, with six others, if I recollect rightly, was poisoned. The others stayed at their boarding places, developed dissecting room or typhus fever, and four of them died. Giles came home, not sick when he came, but for safety. Soon after he came he was taken down. How very sick he was! For eighteen days and nights I was not absent from him two hours at a time. How his fever raged, burning him well-nigh to cinders! I had the entire charge of him, and on the nineteenth

day his fever disappeared, leaving him a wreck, a mere skeleton of a boy, but alive. How his mother and our lady friend and his bit of a brother—now Doctor James H. Jackson—laughed and cried and prayed and sang praises by turns at his passing the terrible ordeal safely. It was wonderful to see, when the crisis had passed, how rapidly—compared with like cases of fever where the patients were drugged and medicated—he recovered. There were no unfriendly *sequelæ*. Nutriment was what the system called for, and giving this very carefully for a few days, till his stomach and assimilatives were accustomed to action, we let him have all the food, at regular intervals, that he asked for. In fifteen days he gained forty-five pounds.

From the time that my new idea was born till the time of my son's recovery, I was not at all certain of my wife's real opinion as to the propriety of the new movement we had made. She had readily enough concurred; but between such assent and thorough approval there is in any mind, space enough for a debatable ground, on which the reason and the judgment can stand in negative or non-opposing attitude. If my wife in her better thought stood there, she concealed her real self with a good degree of art, for she never by word or look expressed dissent; but she moved around as though the affair was experimental and had in it as many elements of failure as of success. Never to this day have I asked her just what the truth was. Of one thing I have always been certain: if before our boy was taken sick she doubted, and during his sickness was fearful and affrighted, once the battle was won, her husband in *her* eyes was anointed of God. She rose to the level of my desires and stayed there, and has never since questioned the legitimacy of my "call" nor my competency. Who can tell the Lord's plans when he would set apart any person to do his will? How many times since I have had reason to be grateful for that rich experience! Seven years after, when my name began to be spoken with respect, I had eighteen cases of ship typhus, the subjects, some of them delirious, brought to me on beds, from the region round about. The fever was introduced into the neighborhood by an immigrant Irish girl. Not one of my patients died, while drug-medicated patients on the hills around died in spite of the efforts of their physicians.

The first patient who came to me after my partner left and I was *the* physician of the Institute, was a lady. She had been physically infirm for years and was a thoroughly drug-poisoned invalid, had lost her faith in medication, and so came to me. I put her under treatment and she gained, then lost, then gained more, then relapsed, rallied anew, became worse than ever, stayed so quite awhile, we doing *our* best to get her out of it; then all of a sudden she became better and kept getting better till, to her surprise and my joy, she was in the possession of good health. She was my letter written to the sick in Northern New York—an epistle known and read by them. I doubt if any local event in that region since the war of 1812-15 ever created as much talk as did her recovery, without the use of medicines. The friends of chronic invalids came long distances to see her and find out for themselves whether or not the story was true. When they did learn all about it from her, they could hardly help catching somewhat of her enthusiasm, and I began soon to have correspondence, and the sick from that country sought my advice. I wanted a motto, and I determined to take the one which I originated when, as corresponding secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, I was called upon to issue the first number of the National Anti-Slavery Standard. It was this: "*Without*

concealment and without compromise." It was a good idea, and I lived up to it. I had no secret, hidden, occult, wonderful remedies. On the other hand I wrote, printed, published, and proclaimed that I had no remedies; that I did not believe Nature had; that whoever violated law had to take the consequences, and that whoever wished to escape continued consequences should cease to produce them by returning to obedience to law. So I stood with open hand,—at the beginning opposed, derided, despised, hated; then tolerated, endured and treated with indifference; then met with friendly advice, suggestively rendered; then timidly supported, but semi-apologetically. And so the years went by. I prospered. I had patients from far and near, though by far the larger class of those who came to me was made up of persons who were poor, to whom a dollar always counted one hundred cents and often more. But they got well. They saw as I did, and as the public after awhile did, that the methods I employed were adapted to all classes of invalids; and as this came to be apprehended and fully understood, the circle of my visitors widened and my area expanded. My success seemed marvelous. It appeared altogether unexplainable. The means seemed entirely incommensurate with the results. The most desperate cases recovered. The blind came to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk; the consumptive, the rheumatic, the dyspeptic, the marasmic, the diabetic, the malarious, the drug-poisoned, the scrofulous, the anæmic, the skeletony, the obese, the fever-and-agueish, the diarrheic, the dysenteric, the sciatic, were my patients and got well. In fact, every form of chronic disease that did not involve surgical intervention was represented by invalids who came, stayed and recovered. They were astonished, the public wondered, observers were nonplused. Doctors said I gave medicine, but I did not. Some clergymen said I was in league with the devil. I knew why I succeeded. I know to-day why I have continued to succeed till now; and why Our Home will continue to succeed till this Hillside shall be a village of itself, and persons by the hundreds shall live here year after year and have no sickness, and the place shall be as sacred in the esteem of invalids as Mecca is to the Musselman, or as Jerusalem was precious in the regards of the Babylonian captives.

To narrate my professional life from its commencement till to-day, without counting in Harriet N. Austin, M. D., would be to forego the mention of one of the most important elements of my success—a constituent force without which I could never have done what I have. She was a young woman just beginning her practice when she sought employment at my hands. She was intelligent, well educated, of great abilities held in thorough reserve. She satisfied me at our first interview that she understood what I was trying to do and how I was trying to do it, and that she would put whatever of ability and force of character she had or might have into the work she undertook. I engaged her. My two young sons—both bright lads—were greatly taken with her, and to her great satisfaction she was adopted into our family and became our daughter. From that time till to-day she has shared and shared alike with us in the good or ill which has come to us. During the now nearly thirty years in which she has been in active practice—very active and responsible till the last few years—I never knew her judgment widely at fault, nor her resources in exigency or emergency to fail. I consider her one of the best physicians I have known. She early developed aptness in writing, and before we came here we had started a journal called the Letter Box, which, on our coming to Dansville, was merged into the Laws of Life, now the oldest

health journal in America. This Journal she conducted with very great success, and after a rest for a season has now resumed its chief editorial management.

In the autumn of 1858 we left the place where many hard, laborious, but happy years had been spent, and came to Dansville. Our former residence had become too small and too circumscribed for our operations. We wanted more room and greatly needed better opportunities. We had ourselves attained growth in knowledge how to make our idea available and practically serviceable to others who could not come to us to stay for treatment, but did need to come to us personally for advice and counsel, and we thought it best for us to move. We had waited patiently, and the Lord made the way plain, and we came here. I should not do myself justice in this talk to you on this occasion if I kept in the back-ground the changes which, during eight years of professional life, had gone on in me. I was essentially changed. I had followed my idea lovingly and faithfully. I had become simple in my habits in every direction; and the warfare between my appetites and propensities on the one hand, and my reason and moral sense on the other, had greatly diminished. In every sense I was a better man. I perceived better, conceived better, executed better. I was still a great sufferer, but my power over my body had increased remarkably, and I had achieved wonders in the way of work. Still I was not satisfied. The idea that had seized upon me and held me had mastered me, but I had not mastered it. And no man is equal to the truth for which he is striving until he has absorbed it into himself and is its master. God's idea of the mutual relations which man and truth should hold is, that man needs truth as a law till his love for it renders its outward manifestation, in the shape of rules and regulations, needless. Man as a person may become so developed that he does not need principles to help him; he can get guidance from the Source of all wisdom. When a man becomes greater in his personality than truth is to him as a principle, then the truth has made him free, and freedom is salvation. Our Savior said: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you *free*."

Successful as I had been in treating the sick hitherto without the use of any medicine, I knew that I had not practically *mastered* the laws of therapeutics. There were laws of whose existence I felt sure, of whose natural operation I was not intelligently aware. These laws were psychological; they regulated man's spiritual nature in its relation to his physical nature; they had a physical basis for their manifestation, as his spirit had connection with his bodily organs. I wanted, if it were possible, to comprehend better than I did the nature of the connection between his spirit and his body, and to know to what extent it affected his body, and in what way; or in other words, whether it acted on his body according to definite and reliable arrangements, called laws, or according to wild impulse, undefinable, uncertain and therefore not to be depended upon. That there was no hap-hazard about the relations of spirit and body I was sure, but where the certainty came in I did not at that time know. I was clear, however, that if I could find the point of connection I could both determine the nature of the malady and the methods required for the patient's recovery, and so enlarge my efficiency as a practitioner. I studied most faithfully and I may say enthusiastically the question, and I achieved a solution.

This was the happiest day of my life, I think. A new world was opened

to me. I saw myself master of my idea, and itself my servant. I occupied no longer lowlands; I was "on the heights." For the first time in my life I coveted money, millions of it. For the first time I wanted, longed for, agonized for human love, human confidence, human assistance. "God of my fathers!" I cried, "give me to command the intelligence of men, to awaken their selfish natures, to magnetize or electrify their dull brains, to soften their hard hearts, that they may willingly come to the help of the truth, and build her a city on this beautiful mountain slope within whose precincts death shall never appear save as the angel of translation." I did need better facilities greatly, the loss at my previous place, by fire, of all my property, having left me poor. And now, with a divine conception of how to stop the horrible clangor of funereal bells, to cause grave digging to cease, was I to fail because nobody could see me as I really was, and in this supreme moment of my life put into my hands the staff of accomplishment? There was One who saw and who came to my help, but not as I had desired. I was longing for outside assistance; he gave me inside aid. I was wishing for material means, furnished me by discerning men; he gave me the Holy Spirit instead; and as under his divine influence my spirit became calm, I saw that his plan for having me struggle and strive and advance slowly and guard against ruinous reactions was much wiser than the one which in my enthusiasm I had been so anxious to be able to adopt. And so my dream of large buildings, and extensive grounds in highest culture, under the touch of his finger vanished never to haunt me more.

Under my new and advanced revelation of the inner truth of my original idea, I discovered, after a little, how ruinous to all success, along the new line of treatment which I was to follow, my desired plan would inevitably have proved. If henceforth I was to be a psycho-hygienist—which, believe me, is something very different from a mere hygienist—then in starting out it would be almost necessary that all but the simplest material surroundings should, at the introduction of the new method, be wanting. To have every conceivable material appliance at one's command for the treatment of the sick, was almost sure to make one's patients believe that the curative efficiencies dwelt in these, and so to divert entirely their attention from the real source of power, the *vis vitæ*, the life force which they possessed. On the other hand, to be in some measure lacking in these "creature comforts," as at this stage of our life in Dansville we were, and to have their health restored, with new flesh, new bones, new brains, new nerves, new tone, new temper, new disposition, new prospects, new principles, new purposes, newer and higher faith in God, and humaner, broader, better and more brotherly relations to mankind, would more than make up for what in a momentary weakness I had earnestly desired to have and to hold for their use and on their behalf. I saw that "life is more than meat and the body than raiment;" that "life does not consist in the abundance of the things that a man possesseth;" and that under the psychological laws of human nature it is intended that "the spirit of a man shall bear his infirmities." And I arose to the work set me to do. I was ready to treat emotionally-diseased subjects on a plan different from any, that, so far as I knew, had been tried.

It did not comport with my intentions nor with my circumstances to receive and treat persons who were insane. Neither my health nor my conditions would permit. I was willing, however, to take under my care persons who, though sane, were yet suffering from derangements of their nerve structures;

and who, because of diseased nerves, were mentally, morally, and spiritually, as well as physically, sick. My system admitted of no medicines, and of very little special hydropathic treatment. I adopted no movements, no manipulations, no massage, no gymnastics. My methods were simple, and were no more applicable to men than to women, though on the whole much easier applied to the former. I found no difference in the success attending my practice with my patients because of the difference in the nature of their diseases. Of course it took certain patients longer than others to get well; but no matter what their diseases, if curable, they, one and all, without fail, got well, if they did what they were told. There was no "black art" in the procedure; nothing incomprehensible nor mysterious, except as the working of unknown or unobserved laws make mysteries of results. Many times to on-lookers, and as frequently to the patients themselves, it did seem queer that they should make marked progress without anything remarkable being done. A good many persons who have been my patients, simply because of their ignorance of the laws of life and health, have felt as the blind man did whose eyes Jesus opened. He knew he was blind, he knew that Jesus made him to see; but by what power his blindness was overcome he did not know. There were no visible means used that to him seemed sufficient to restore his sight, yet Jesus caused him to see and caused everybody to wonder. Now, I am not to run a parallel between what I have been blessed of God to do and what the divine Savior did when he was on earth; for all that I have done has been done by my finding out certain laws in the human organism and becoming apt in their utilization. I felt that I had reached the borders of an unknown land, of which I knew nothing except by conjecture; and that speculation would do me no good, except to urge me on to find the truth. How was I to find it? In any previous effort during my life to get at truth I had never let go my common sense. All phenomena that had come within my vision had, from early childhood, been resolved by my reason, or by it and my spiritual intuition acting together.

I had made a discovery of certain laws. I had been able to refer these laws as having relations special and precise, to certain nerve structures in the human body. I had satisfied myself that these laws could be made active and effective to the production of certain ends by an extraneous *vis viva*, or in other phrase, by a vital force other than that which the invalid himself or herself possessed. Thus far I had gotten, but no farther, when I had a new revelation which changed my whole method of treatment and made me consciously competent in a twofold direction where hitherto I had been utterly undiscerning. For years I had myself felt that there were resources for the treatment of the sick, and potential to their recovery, that I could not command, and, as far as I was able to perceive, that no one could; nevertheless I was very deeply impressed that these potencies did exist, and that they were intended to be made serviceable to mankind. I did not look for them to come to me through any suspension of, but rather through a quickened action of, the laws that have been made to govern human life. I was not a miracle-worker nor clamorous for their working. I was a student of the laws of life. Life is a great problem; life has its laws. I was in search for these laws, and I sedulously kept myself along those lines of investigation which I thought were consonant to reason. It was in this attitude I was when I took on the impression, then the conviction, then the assurance, that there is a

potency which does not center itself in material substances, nor is it absorbed exhaustively by them; and that this potency is the vitality of Jesus Christ, whom, from this standpoint, I this day declare unto you. In him is life exhaustless, resources immeasurable, competencies abounding, at the service and benefit of any one who will ask for them, to the extent that such one under the laws of his or her organization can appropriate them. You can never know how I felt when I came to know that not only is Jesus Christ not dead, but that he is so alive as to be able and willing to make himself immeasurably helpful and saving to all who will have him, and none the less to their purely bodily and material needs, to the degree that the laws governing these will allow, than to their spiritual natures and necessities.

As soon as my spiritual perception took in this revelation, and my reason coincided, I resolved on my course. Really, the path before me was more rugged, the ascent steeper, the resting places farther apart, and the support from without less than I had under my first quickening. There were two huge obstacles in my way of making the knowledge which had come to me available: 1st, my ignorance how to get this power; 2nd, the ignorance of the people—Christian as well as worldly—both of its existence and value. My first work to be done was with myself. It would be useless to talk to others about the value of this force as a *curative* or restorative or tonic till I knew more about it. Perhaps I might gain some light by talking and corresponding with others. I might find persons who from their own experience could give me light to enable me to start right. As occasion offered I asked clergymen what they knew personally about Jesus, and any aid that he had rendered in a special manner to any invalid. I could not find one who could tell me anything. Most of them confessed that beyond the teachings of the Bible about him they knew nothing. The Bible said certain things about him, and what it said they believed; but beyond its statements they could add nothing. Not one of them could say of his own personal knowledge that Jesus is alive; nothing had ever happened in the experience of one of them to give him assurance of Christ's existence. They preached every Sunday about him as a Savior; but by what qualities in him he saves, and by what means he brings his saving force to bear, they could give me no information. Then I wrote to quite a distinguished revivalist, but he did not think Jesus had anything to do with man's material interests; he came to save sinners from hell, not from bodily diseases. Then I wrote to as distinguished a divine as this country holds, and asked if he thought Jesus Christ held such relations to mankind as to justify my asking him to assist me in my efforts to restore my sorrowing, sad, broken-hearted sufferers to health. He said he "did not know; he had never considered him in the light of a physician." Then I wrote to a very saintly lady, who was reported as having attained perfect holiness. She said she "had never been sick herself, and could not answer my question." Then I heard of a woman in Boston, I think, who, it was said in a newspaper, had been cured instantaneously by prayer. She replied that the story was true, she "had been *miraculously* restored from her disease in answer to prayer." This gave me no comfort. I did not want to know whether or not sick persons could be cured by divine force working *outside* or beyond natural law, but whether there was a divine force which could, within the laws that govern human life, be made serviceable and effective to the restoration to health of invalids who could not use enough of vitality of their own whereby to get well.

These persons had spiritual faculties, representing spiritual capacities, spiritual growth, spiritual culture, spiritual character; why, in the divine plan for helping mankind to escape death and everlasting ruin, should there not be, lying in reserve, a spiritual force—intelligent, able, serviceable, saviorly—for their bodies as well as souls, to be had for the asking, if asked for rightly?

There were persons whose minds were ill-balanced or disturbed or inactive, whose moral sense was perverse and dull, whose spiritual faculties were numb to deadness or to thorough undiscernment, who needed quickening, purifying and energizing, else bodily life was a burden and existence a curse. Was there no one appointed to save? I believed there was, and I greatly desired to find him. I had been brought face to face with a problem beyond my ability to solve; of my own genius, knowledge and skill I could not gather the curative force needed. One day when I was trying to reach a certain person and inspire him with hope, I thought I saw my way out of all my difficulties. I said to myself: was it not to meet the needs of man's spiritual nature, help it when helpless, give it vision when blind, cause it to hear when deaf, make it to walk when lame, lead it into all truth when ignorant and doubting, and give to it peace and joy and comfort unspeakable, that Jesus, in whom is the law of the spirit of life, which frees from the law of sin and death, sent the Holy Spirit into the world to rest upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost, and ever after to dwell on earth, working out of the hearts of the children of men the spirit of disobedience, and implanting in its stead the spirit of love?

It was! it was! I am sure it was, I said; and I will go to Jesus and ask him for the gift of the Holy Spirit upon myself. And I did. I asked, believing, and I received that for which I asked—the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

“ Oh, could I tell, ye surely would believe it,
Oh, could I only say what I have seen!
How can I tell, or how can you receive it,
How, till He bringeth you where I have been? ”

I felt the power of a thousand men in me. I was endued with power from on high. The spirit of my Master was upon me, and I lived for him and his cause as never before I had done. How happy I was! How clear my insight! How mighty to help my poor suffering ones I was, compared with what I heretofore had been!

From that time my education in knowledge how to treat a certain class of invalids began, and as time went on I came to a perception that was wonderful. I separated myself from human speculations, and largely from human associations on low planes. I utterly declined sympathy and offered help from distrust and unbelief, up to the measure of my ability to decline. I employed persons in all my departments of labor who were not likely to counteract my influence, though often in this I found myself in great straits. Narrowness, bigotry, sectarianism, selfishness and ignorance, deep and persistent, were all around and about me, misconceiving, misrepresenting, maligning and misjudging me, insomuch that at times my way seemed hedged up by an impenetrable barrier. I knew my work was a great and good one, and that if, when I did not know clearly what to do, I could wait on the Lord and do nothing, I was safe. How many times have my friends come to me to retail some falsehood about me. On one occasion they came and said: “Why do not you defend yourself against your defamers?” And I made answer: “My dear friends, I am being defended. They that be for me are more than they

that be against me. The difficulty with you is that you do not see my defenders. They are invisible to you, but I see them, and I know that the Master has me in his care. Let me read you a message I had from him this morning. The Holy Spirit brought it to me. I thought of the great graciousness that was shown to me in sending it.

MESSAGE.

‘Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down like the grass and wither as the green herb. Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass; and he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light and thy judgment as the noonday. Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him. Cease from anger and forsake wrath; fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.’ ”

Then I took out of my pocket a memorandum book which I carried and which I used daily; and opening it, from a card which I had had printed, I read the following which I had found in a newspaper and affixed as the frontispiece in every memorandum book I had carried for eight years, and which I had read daily till I had appropriated spiritually the advice it tendered:

DIVINE PATIENCE.

“Do not get vexed at what people say of you. Let them speak while you endeavor to do the will of God. You will never succeed in pleasing men, and it would not be worth the trouble if you could. A little silence and great peace of soul, with communion of the Spirit, will compensate you for all the injustice of men. We must love our fellow men without depending on their friendship, and seek to win their love by kind words and deeds, leaving our lives, our reputations, and our characters with him who careth for us.”

One of my friends who was most vexed with me at that time, wrote me a little while ago, saying, “How much wiser you were at that time than I was; had you done what I advised and urged you to do, your work before now would have come to an inglorious end.” As I grew into clear conception of the relations which Jesus holds to human creatures under all their variety of conditions and circumstances and saw that in him is the spirit of life, whose law of working is in thorough adaptation to human nature, I saw two things:

(a.) That in just the proportion that I could get near to Jesus I should be filled with the spirit of life; and

(b.) In proportion as I should be filled with the spirit of life should I be able to help others to live. I saw how, with such resources at command, I could become serviceable to all sorts and kinds of invalids. Through me they could get help; I could encourage, cheer, comfort, console, sympathize with, and enable them to endure the burdens which long-continued sickness imposes, if I could only establish such relations with Jesus as a branch bears to its vine. Then the rich, the poor, the learned, the untutored, the accomplished, the powerful and the high in station, as well as those to whom the hardships of life were their daily dole—each, all, might come to Our Home and get well. So I went into a state of preparation. I did not mortify my body for the sins of my soul; but I did resolve that I would in all things live heartily to the Lord and not to men; and wherever I saw or suspected that any habit, practice or course of conduct of mine did have in any way the effect to keep my spiritual nature dull and unperceptive, I would set to work to overcome this or these and not rest till the work was accomplished.

As a consequence of this determination I was led to review the question of the utility of prayer. I had never neglected it; but I had never been conscious of any good arising from it to myself except that I was easier in conscience because I had done my duty. I said to myself, what is the use of prayer? What does it import? and to whom should it be made? And I answered: Prayer is a petition asking to have granted something the petitioner wants but has not. It is or should be made to one who has the thing asked for and can grant it if he will. To whom shall I pray? To him clearly who has the thing I want. In my case, what is this thing? The Spirit of life. Who has this spirit? Jesus the Christ, Jesus the Anointed, Jesus the Son of God, Jesus who has been a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Jesus who was born in a stable and cradled in a manger; who grew up in a carpenter's shop; who was poorer than the Judean foxes, or the birds of the Mount of Olives. Jesus the crucified, the risen, the ascended and the enthroned, and in whom it hath pleased the Father that all fullness should dwell, and to whom the Father hath committed all judgment. As I am a living man and a lost sinner, and he is a living power and means to subdue all things to himself, I will pray to him; and I did, and down went all barriers and I found myself in the divine presence and offered attentive audience. This was the beginning of my personal acquaintance with Jesus. As soon as I recognized his position, his prerogatives, his supreme authority, viz., that he is God manifest in the flesh—that in him dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily, I learned the value and the power of prayer, and when I told to him my story and what I wanted, I was vitalized; and all the prayers I have since made and all I ever shall make are made to Christ through whom God is seeking to reconcile the world to himself.

From the hour of this awakening, I occupied a new platform. I formed the purpose that so long as I had the control of Our Home, its influence should be decidedly Christian; not denominational, not sectarian, but psychohygienic; an Institution where the power to save human beings that Jesus Christ possesses, to the degree that it can be made available under law, and by means that are in conformity with man's conditions of earthly existence, should, up to the best of my abilities, be utilized. I prayed for no miraculous manifestations. I wanted none. I simply desired to get myself, my patients, my Institution and all its appurtenances into such relations to absolute righteousness, as Law, who "has her seat in the bosom of God," is established to illustrate. Then I knew that whatever vitality the Savior of men can through law make available for the restoration of the sick to health, would through the Holy Spirit pervade Our Home like an atmosphere, and persons sick for years and whose diseases had defied doctors and their drug potencies, would get well as naturally as water in an open channel runs down hill. This matter of the dignity, the potency and the divinity of law, by reason of the righteousness that it contains and seeks to exposit and establish, is poorly comprehended by most persons. So far as the laws of life for mankind are concerned, these rank in their esteem with those which belong to mere animals. Hence, sick or well, man is treated healthwise almost always from the physiological or pathological side, and seldom, when diseased, from his psychological side—unless he is insane, and then always to his disadvantage.

The plan at Our Home, therefore, is always to commence treatment with a person's consciousness, and make him understand the laws whose violation has

made him sick; try to awaken in him a sense of the impropriety of his past course; get him by and with his own consent over to the side of law; and so set up in him a conception of its immensity of stretch and adaptability to him, and of its fitness to convey divine vitality curatively to him. We of Our Home think that law in its comprehensiveness is equal to God its author; and that wherever God is, there is law, and conversely, that wherever law is, there is God, vitalizing law. To us, therefore, the study and the discovery of law and the understanding of its nature and bearings, and especially so much of it as pertains to the origin, training, education, culture, and happy existence of human beings on earth, is a sacred calling, a labor reverential, a duty worshipful, a profession as ennobling to us who follow it, as it is valuable to those who reap its benefits. We are therefore in earnest, and we desire that those who come to us should be so. The vain, the trifling, the thoughtless, the foolish, the insincere or the faithless who, sick or well, have money to spend, and do not care to learn how to get well or to keep well, and who will not try, if they come here, to coöperate with us in our laudable aims and plans, we do not want. We are neither bidders nor beggars for patronage. We are, on the contrary, dispensers of it. The power to confer benefits is with us. We are not keeping a hotel, nor working for a living, nor seeking to make money. We have to have money, for we cannot, in this world, move a step without it; but to get it is not that for which we are here.

Jesus Christ has given to us wisdom to understand the laws of life on their highest earthly plane, and through the influence of his Spirit we have been taught how to treat the sick without medicines so that they shall recover according to the laws which govern their organisms. There is no hocus-pocus, no black-art, no legerdemain, no empiricism about our movements here. We move along lines that are definite, precise and thoroughly scientific. No engineer surveys a railway route, with a constructor after him, whose operations are more thoroughly conformable to law than are our procedures. Marvelous things are done by us,—things that surprise, things that astonish, things that make stupid people think that we are in league with the Evil One; we are not though, but instead are in alliance with Jesus Christ, who having when on earth fulfilled all law, so became its master as to be able to make it within the sphere of its legitimate operations, his conveyancer to bear his vitality or saving power to all who will ask for it, in and upon whom law can work normally. Filled with all the power of the Godhead as he is, having the Holy Spirit with all his divine resources placed fully and without question at his service, Jesus Christ never touches any human being, nor mankind collectively, except through the agency of law. Nor need he do it. Christianity is glad tidings according to law—i. e., according to the nature and fitness of things. There is an everlasting fitness in the Incarnation. It is fit that man should be saved by the vitality of God in Christ, made manifest by special arrangement, and rendered serviceable to him while living on earth, as it is that by such special arrangement he should be saved after he leaves earth. Most assuredly, gross, sensual, self-indulgent creature that he is, he needs it if, while living here, there is any divineness to grow up in him.

Respectfully, therefore, I call your earnest attention to this very essential truth—essential to the maintenance and progress of Christianity—that in a way as directly personal, vastly larger, and infinitely more effective, Jesus Christ can restore the sick to health, as he could and did when he trod the

soil of Judea, and that he can do it and does it according to and in perfect harmony with the laws of the human organism. There is not an element of efficiency in the process that is supernatural or miraculous. What is supernatural is the vitality he possesses. That is not human but divine. But the manner or method of its flow out of him, and its flow into a sick person, producing curative effects startling and powerfully impressive to those who witness them, is in strict obedience to and harmony with, and never in disregard or defiance of, the laws of life and health. In the government of this world Jesus Christ never does extraordinary things where ordinary things will answer, nor sets aside law and order that he may work impulsively and independently of them, when to work through them and thereby honor, dignify and make them sacred, will fully answer the ends he seeks. Christianity is not a scheme, plan or system, disorderly, disconcerting and full of confusion. It is not made up of moralisms, wise saws, utterances contradictory or contradicting of superstitious and uneducated, though well-meaning men. It is not an aggregation of intellectual speculations gathered from over broad surfaces of thought, and bound together without harmony or gracefulness of attachment. These are or may be in larger or lesser measure its outlying supports, and, running different ways like guy ropes to a mast, give it steadiness; but they are not to be taken for the thing itself.

Christianity is a philosophy of life, not of simple belief, except so far as to insure the former. In its contemplation it matters not what one thinks or believes, unless it hinders him from doing or helps him to do the one thing needful, which is to believe in, i. e., *live by*, Jesus Christ. In this respect it is exacting, precise, peremptory. It admits of no compromise. It is believe and live, or believe not and die; and its demands are not arbitrary and unreasoning but decidedly rational and thoroughly lawful, being in close and complete consonance with man's constitution and in sympathy with his spiritual nature. It offers itself to human consideration and acceptance as a panacea for all the ills to which man is heir, on condition that those ills are curable; and that those who suffer from them shall avail themselves, for their relief, of the life force that is in Jesus Christ, according to the law by which alone he can transmit it. This law is the law of belief in him—or, in other words, the law by which one can obtain life from him, working always in thorough regard to the laws of the constitution of the party involved. Whoever he helps and cures must, by and with his own thorough consent hold relations to him analogous to those which a branch holds to its vine. This done, all that *can* follow, assuredly *will* follow. The vitality that he has is never qualified in its outflow except by the quantity needed or by reason of the incurable conditions of the party asking for it, making its conferment impossible. The Savior of men never loses his common sense. He therefore administers his divine vitality for human salvation within the law of human competencies. Neither for any man's good in this world, nor in the next, does he set to work to perform the impracticable. But to the uttermost measure that any man of any kindred, tribe, or tongue can appropriate it, does Jesus offer his inexhaustible vitality for the man's good here or hereafter, on condition that the man consents with his whole heart to accept it from him, and with his mouth always to make honest confession that he receives it from him.

Our Home, therefore, has been for years the exponent of two philosophies—one the hygienic and the other the psycho-hygienic. The former depends

for its elaboration and success, on getting at and using according to law, whatever resident or indwelling vitality a patient may have which is strictly and constitutionally his own. If he has enough of it and it can be made to work normally upon his body, his disease can be overcome. But if, having enough of it, his disease is such that he has no power of spirit to call upon his reserves and make them effectual, he will die; not because he is not curable, but because he has no power by which to make his vitality available. "The spirit of a man beareth his infirmities, but a discouraged spirit who can bear?" When a man's spirit resident in his body, gives up, why should not his body die? It is not in the main, for lack of life-force, that the sick die. It is because of its obstructed play through the organism which drug medication, carelessly used, may and will establish, or because the spiritual force of the patient fails him, when, unless he can be helped vicariously, he will die.

'Tis here the psycho-hygienic philosophy of treatment comes in, working on the vicarious line. People few or many may laugh at the idea of vicarious assistance. Let them laugh. It is to their own disadvantage. Notwithstanding they laugh, the law of salvation, by vicarious transmission of life-force, from one who has it to one who has it not, is constitutional with man, and applies to him in his dual or compound character. When the lack is purely animal or bodily lack, it must be supplied or he will die. When it is spiritual it must be supplied or he will die spiritually; and where both are lacking he must be supplied from without or he dies both in body and spirit. For how can a man live if he has nothing to live by? And lacking life-force in himself, is the doctrine that God so loved the world that he gave Jesus Christ to it, and that whoever should consent to live by him should not *perish*, but live everlastingly—here on earth as long as his bodily constitution will warrant, and thereafter everlastingly elsewhere, to be laughed at, lampooned and treated with jest? Not so—for it pays respect to the dignity of human nature, and therefore commands its respect. No man may laugh at or ridicule an idea which exists for the purpose of doing honor to man. If he does so, he lacks both self-respect and sympathy with his kind.

The philosophy of treating the sick according to the laws which are made to govern human nature, is that by which my success has been wrought. To the degree that I have been wise to use psycho-hygienic means and measures for its furtherance, have I reached my highest efficiency. Availing myself of material agencies and influences to the degree that these are hygienic, the crowning charm of my later methods has been that I have recognized the spiritual nature of man, and that this nature has its constitution and functions and laws as truly as his bodily nature has, and that Jesus Christ, as the only human manifestation of God, has all power in heaven and on earth committed to him, to use means and measures so to affect mankind through the laws that govern them as to put away sickness as well as sin from them. The effect of this philosophy of the supremacy of law, and of Christ's gracious offer of his own saving power to cure, in accordance with law, those who are sick, has brought me many hundreds of invalids—I might say thousands—who, having failed to get well in other ways, have come to us from far and near and have gotten well at Our Home.

Since Our Home was founded, many men and women who were invalids and also when they came here were unbelievers in Jesus, have, before going home made public confession of their faith in and love for him. So far as I can

learn, every one got well and not one of them has apostatized or backslidden. Since this philosophy has risen to such height that it challenges attention and commands respect, I fain would live to see its magnificent march along the highways of the Church, seizing and holding to its contemplation the more advanced Christians till they should comprehend its power, and come to feel that in the matter of living without sickness and dying without disease, the Church is to be, in the persons of her members, a testimony in behalf of Christ's saving and gracious efficiency.

The time will come when sick Christians will be few; when purity of heart will work purity of life and disease will not come nigh those to whom the law of the Lord is a delight. Then shall be realized the prophecy of Isaiah:

“There shall no more be an infant of days, nor an old man who hath not filled his days. People shall build houses and inhabit them. They shall plant vineyards and eat of the fruit of them. They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat. For as the days of a tree, shall be the days of my people, and my chosen shall long enjoy the work of their hands.”

My Beloved Friends: Contrary to the law of probabilities, I have reached old age, and this through indescribable suffering—suffering from which there could not have been nor can there be release save by death. And yet, such are the dignity, the efficiency, and sustaining force of law, that by conformity to it I have been able to work hard, and survive shocks which to others portended fatal results. For anything that lies on the surface and is obvious to any observer, I am in as much vigor as at any time within thirty years. Those who knew me then—say at the commencement of my professional career—will testify that they never knew me when all my powers were at prompter call, nor more effective, than at present. I can work as many hours, going with as little sleep and eating as little food, as any man I know. For full sixty years I have not averaged over four hours' sleep in twenty-four. For thirty years I have eaten never but two meals a day, and for the last nine years I have eaten but one meal a day, and that of the simplest food. For over twenty-seven years I ate no salt nor butter nor meat nor spices. For forty-two years I have drunk no coffee and I went over thirty years without drinking tea. I have not touched any kind of medicine internally for thirty-three years. I can read without spectacles, walk erect, and my hand is as steady and my handwriting is as good as ever it was. All this, too, be pleased to remember, notwithstanding I have been shorn of much of vigor during all my manhood life. Why do I thus tell you these things? That you and others may honor law, and obey it, and thereby be rid of your diseases if you have them, or keep from them if you are not cursed by them. For, if a man who is incurably sick can keep death at bay by so simple a process as improvement in his conditions of living, what may not the millions do for themselves and their children in the way of assurance of life and health and all the joys they bring, by obeying the laws of their organisms? Now, in the evening of my days I am comforted by the fact that my work has not been in vain. The truths which ever since I came to know them have been so precious to me, have found lodgement in the hearts of great numbers of our people, who love them and do them honor in their daily lives. Friends who are wise and good are sending me from Europe, from Asia, from South America, from all parts of the United States and from Canada, congratulations at the progress of the principles I have urged, and to the best of my ability defended.

Our Home which is set on a hill can no longer be hid. It is a living illustration of the thoughts and intents of my heart. How I have prayed for its success! Many have been the nights when the moon has bathed it in her silvery light, that I have risen from my bed and leaning on my window, prayed to the dear Lord, for the glory of his great name, to send the Holy Spirit to envelop it in an atmosphere so pure, so refining, so life-invigorating and health-restoring that the feeblest, the sickliest, and the least in hope, who were here might feel that under them were everlasting arms and over them exhaustless love. There is not a bush, nor shrub, nor tree that my hands have steadied at its transplantation, for whose life I have not prayed, that in days that shall come after I have gone away, its growth into fragrance and beauty and refreshing shade might give comfort and joy and sweet pleasure to invalid visitants here.

My children and my nephews who have so heartily and with such clear insight of the magnificence of the philosophy of treatment I have expounded and made practical here, joined hands in hope to do good work for mankind, will, God willing, be here when I have gone away. They, I prophesy, will live to see with natural eye what I have seen in vision—a beautiful village adorning this slope, inhabited by people of simple habits, good health, large intelligence, excellent culture and beautiful, abounding faith in Christ and his philosophy of life for man on earth.

Henceforward I wait content the hour of my departure. Whether I live one year or ten years, I live unto the Lord.

“ And when my work is ended,
And I lie down to die,
My broken projects mended
By the healing in his eye;
My spirit upward going
Where his love is fresh and flowing,
'Twill be sweet, when we meet,
To find my place of shelter
In the shadows at his feet.”

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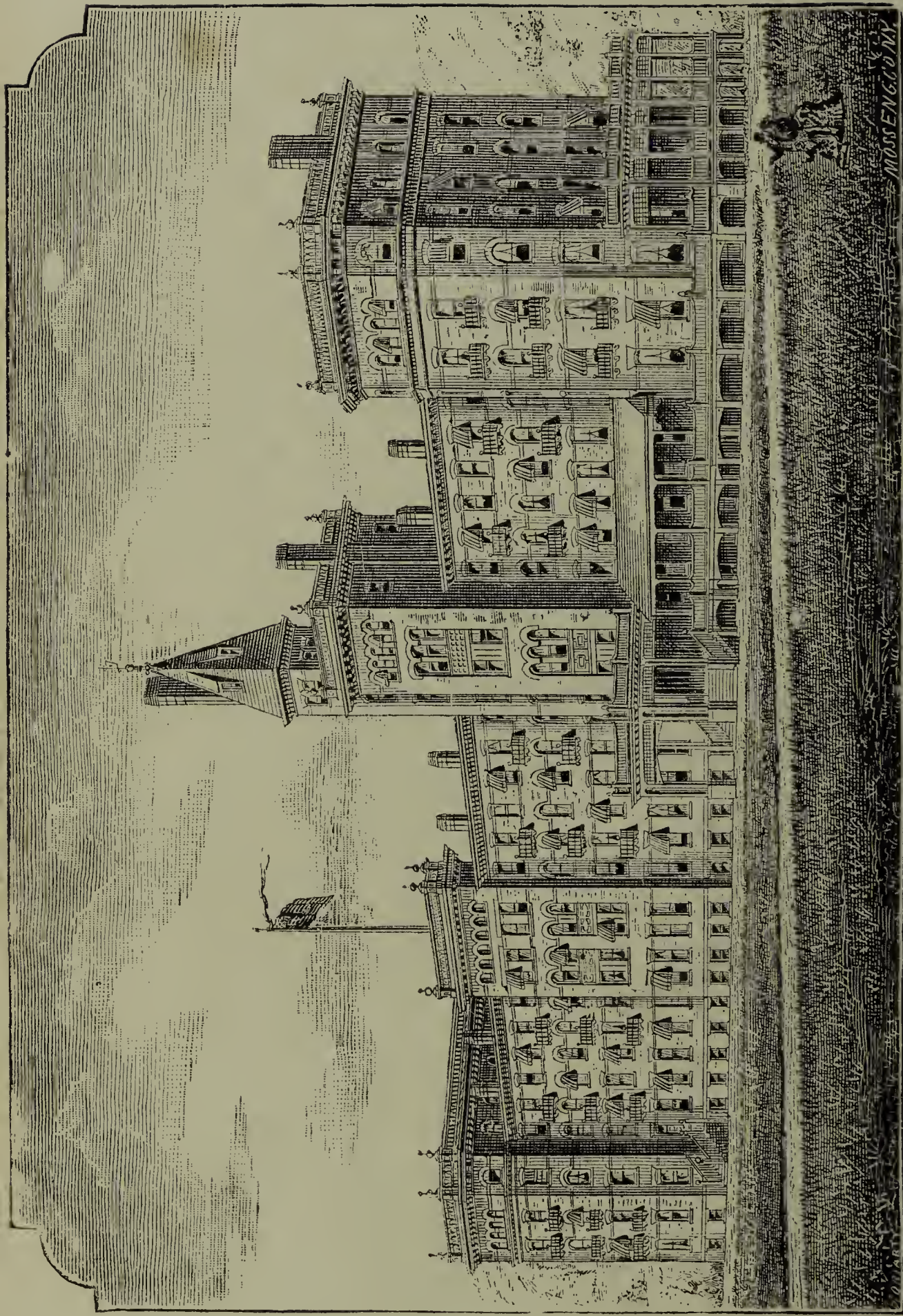
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